

KRAMER THE SAME OLD KRAMER, SO HE DEFEATS SPEEDY WALTER RUTT

Yankee Champion Wins from the World's Champion in Two Straight Heats in Record Time Before Record Crowd.

WELT MEISTER SAYS HE WAS FOULED

By J. P. N.

Frank Kramer wins. It is the same old story. Champions come and champions go, and the "Old Master" treats them all alike—beats them all alike. Sometimes it requires great effort on his part to dispose of this opponent or that opponent, but on other occasions he finds his task a most enjoyable pleasure. In any event, Kramer is king—king of the cycling game—and it is doubtful if we'll ever see his like again. All this is said in deserving praise of Kramer for his performance at the Newark Velodrome track yesterday afternoon, where he defeated Walter Rutt, of Germany, holder of the world's championship cycling title, and admitted to be a rider of wonderful ability, in two straight heats. Though his victories were consecutive, his task was no less stupendous, and one marvel made the other marvel extend himself to the limit, ride every inch of the way and employ all the skill at his command to win. Really, this contest of brain and brawn on the bike track would furnish a delightful tidbit for gods to enjoy. No better race, we would say, was ever ridden; no greater crowd, surely, ever gathered in one enclosure in this city, and no more tremendous demonstration—mostly for the victor, of course, but plenty of cheers for the loser—was ever given an athlete for a display of superior ability. Really, the scenes that followed Kramer's victory in the first, and again when he led Rutt the way over the tape in the second heat, would be well-nigh impossible to describe. To be brief, we would say, in order to give those who were not there a faint idea of what happened, picture vividly in your mind 16,000 or more healthy fans and fannies shouting at the top of their voices, swaying to and fro, and the men waving their hats in frantic appreciation of the great contest, and the women waving their hands as a sign of their approbation. The race was the biggest thing, in a sporting way, ever held in Newark, and it was rare evidence that we not only have the cycling king in this community, but that cycling is king around here.

The crowd was a record for the game in this city, and Frank Milson gave out the attendance as more than 16,000. But the 16,000 persons inside the enclosure wasn't all—not by a long site. Outside of the 'drome thousands clamored for admittance and many good old fans who have not missed a big meet around here in years tore their hair in despair over their inability to enter the "magic palace." It was hard lines, of course, but there was no way to remedy the matter. Those who came early were happy, and the fans inside seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of those who were outside unable to get even a

What the Champions Say

Frank Kramer, the winner, and Walter Rutt, the loser, gave out the following statements yesterday after the big race:

BY FRANK KRAMER.

Rutt gave me a hard ride and is one of the best men I have ever met. He is a gamester and kept coming at me all the time. I was not at my best for the match, yet the time was fast. I did not intentionally scratch Rutt, and I was surprised when he protested.

BY WALTER RUTT.

Kramer is a marvelous match rider and is the greatest track general I ever met. He rode a fine race and deserves all the credit in the world. A switch hurt my chances in the second heat, and in the first heat I ran into him just as we started the last lap, which threw me out of my stride. I am not offering any excuses for my defeat, but I am glad that I will have two more opportunities to meet him, and I still believe that I have a chance to beat him.

peek at the arena of strife. It must have been so, for the boys and the girls all around were saying how lucky they were and how unfortunate were those who were shut out. Despite the tremendous crowd, both inside and outside, there wasn't a disturbance of any kind. Captain Corbally, of the Seventh precinct, managed the "angry mob" on the outside like so many children and the "joyous mob" inside, of course, didn't need a manager. The fact that something like 20,000 fans were congregated around the Velodrome and not an argument occurred is evidence that the patrons of cycling are particularly orderly persons.

The victory of Kramer was decisive, though Rutt protested that he was fouled in the second heat. The German said Kramer swung wide just before coming into the homestretch on the last lap and thereby switched him out of his stride. Kramer said that if he rode wide at that particular place he didn't know it. He had his head down and racing for all he was worth, he declared, but he said he did feel Rutt's first wheel brush against his shoe. Kramer also said that one of the spokes in his first wheel snapped at the turn into the stretch, but that he had fouled Rutt intentionally or otherwise. He won, he said, on his merits, and he wasn't at his best either, he declared. His back was lame, he went on to say, and he put on a kidney plaster after the first heat. Rutt, too, complained of not feeling fit. He said he wasn't feeling just right since his hard race of a week ago in the 100-kilometer event. He was feverish, he said, and he was thirsty all the time. He said he didn't want to take any of the credit of victory away from Kramer, but he was a little sore at the Yankee boy for giving him a wide ride. He admitted that Kramer was clever as well as speedy, but said he was also tricky. He felt sure, he said, that he would have given Kramer a closer battle in the second heat if the race had been truly run.

Rutt may have been fouled and all that, but the better man won the bike race, and it is doubtful if there was a single person of that tremendous crowd who will not say so. The German is big and strong and has rare speed, but he didn't show a thing that would lead one to believe that he could beat Kramer. The American champion was the master man and the master mind at all stages of the race. He made Rutt do his bidding much against the "Welt Meister's" will, and in brain and brawn he surely had an edge on the Teuton. In jockeying for positions, Kramer was the general of the army, and he made Rutt look like a pirate. He forced his opponent to take the lead and at the vital point he took the lead away from him. He timed Rutt's dash in both heats and he raced him into the ground, so to speak, before the tape was reached. When Rutt challenged Kramer met him, but in neither of the heats did Rutt once show his wheel in front after the sprint was on. Kramer was cat-like in his movements, and he seemed to worry Rutt by his great show of generalship in riding slow as well as riding fast. The German's "nerves" were taxed. He may do better next time, but he was beaten by a better man yesterday.

When the stars of the day came out for the first heat the vast crowd showed its pleasure. There were cheers for both men from the grand stand and bleachers and from the hundreds that filled the well of the track. Kramer, naturally, received the lion's share of the plaudits, but Rutt was given a good hand. The German took a two-lap warm-up before the start, but Kramer sat quietly on the track until all was ready. As the champion stood up, Peter Prunty, the announcer, addressing the grand stand, said:

"The American public, the Newark

Start and Finish of First Heat in Kramer-Rutt Race and Floral Gift to Champion



folk, welcome their champion, Frank Kramer, home."

It was well and well said, and with the little speech went a mammoth horseshoe, the gift of Messrs. Milson and Uppercu, with the words "Welcome Home" on it. Kramer bowed his acknowledgments and he smiled his approval, but he told me afterward that Prunty's remarks touched him to the heart. He was all keyed up, he said, for the race, but the gift and the "welcome home speech" nearly broke him up, he declared.

The American champion was attired in all-black with an American flag worked in the appropriate colors on the back of his all-silk racing shirt. Black and white are Kramer's favorite colors and his racing colors, but he is wearing the all-black out of respect for his father, who died less than a year ago. Rutt wore black and green, and both men looked particularly desperate as they lined up for the first heat. Kramer had the pole with Rutt on the outside and there was much interest as to how the German would fare in track tactics. Soon Kramer dispelled all fear that he had met his master in the fine points of the game, and the fans rested back to await and see how Rutt would match up with him in speed. Soon that phase was also evident and as the men flew across the tape, with Kramer the winner by a safe margin, the vast assemblage gave vent to their feelings. They cheered Kramer, they cheered Rutt, and they cheered the race. The spectators, in the main, were not only delighted to see the great struggle, but they were overjoyed, apparently, at the result.

Throughout the first heat Rutt did everything he knew how to worry Kramer, to make the Yankee take the lead, but the wits and the skill of the American was much too much for the German. Kramer had his plans well mapped out beforehand, and while he made Rutt show him the way for nearly five of the six laps, when it came time to go to the front and he saw an angle he was "on his way," as the boys say. This occurred just after passing the twelfth pole on the fifth lap, and at a time when Rutt was riding high on the bank. Kramer, electing to ride this heat from in front, darted down on the inside and

into the lead, and he kept Rutt well up on the track. Then came the stretch and Kramer swished down on the pole, with Rutt following. As they went past the grand stand on the last lap Rutt, just beyond the tape, gave Kramer a close ride. The champion was forced on the flat, and he was compelled to put on his high speed in order to get to the finish line ahead of Rutt. It was an important moment of the race, but Kramer had his wits about him. It was quick thinking and clever thinking. A false move for Kramer at that stage would likely have lost him the heat, and it might have lost him the race.

RECORD-BREAKING CROWD SHOWS BIKE POPULARITY



CROWD CLAMORING TO GET IN THE BIKE TRACK

That cycle racing is a big sport and a popular sport was attested by the wonderful crowd that attended the meet at the Velodrome yesterday. All roads, it seemed, led to the Velodrome. Long before the appointed hour for the first race to start South Orange avenue was a seething mass of humanity. People from every walk in life were there, some came on foot, others in street cars and hundreds came in motors. There were professional men, business men, workingmen and fully half of the immense throng were women. Mothers with babies in arms were pushed and requested by the Velodrome management to go back home and come another day, a deaf ear was turned to the request.

The first race was scheduled to start at 3 o'clock, but at 2:30 there was no seat to be had and the box office windows were closed. A wall went up from several thousand fans eager to see the big race when the tickets, windows were closed. They begged and pleaded for seats and refused to believe that no more seats were to be had. Those most disappointed were the "regulars" who never miss a meet. The box office was stormed and it required the efforts of all the available police to

keep the throng in order. Two of Captain Corbally's men were pressed to the limit to keep the crowd from breaking into the box office. The men from the Seventh precinct not only preserved order, but by their diplomatic handling of the crowd kept them in good humor. Captain Corbally was there himself and deserves much credit for the way he took care of the crowd with a mere handful of men.

When the entire seating capacity was crowded to the limit, the arena entrance was opened. When the three thousand or more who were still waiting to gain entrance saw these gates opened there was a mad scramble for admission, for it looked as though even that big space would be inadequate to accommodate all who wished to see the race.

Had speculators been working yesterday, they would have reaped a harvest, for late comers offered prices varying from \$5 to \$20 for a seat. It was the biggest crowd that ever attended a race meet in this city, and one of the largest ever congregated for an athletic event in this city. Although an exact statement of the number who filled the big amphitheatre was not obtainable, the Velodrome management estimated it at 16,000 in round numbers.

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eighth of a mile in 11 4-5 seconds, which equals the best time ever made for that distance. In the second heat he rode the last eighth in 12 seconds flat. In the first heat Kramer's time for the final twelfth of a mile was 7 3-5 seconds, which also equals the world's record, and in the second heat he did 7 4-5 seconds. And both of these great champions were sick—sick in bed—and still the one made the other equal the world's record to win.

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After having beaten Rutt from in front in the first heat, Kramer was quite willing to have the German ride from in front in the second heat. However, that didn't mean that the American would allow his opponent to take his own time about getting down to business. As in the first heat, Kramer forced Rutt to take the lead and all the jockeying on the part of the German netted him nothing; but when it came to sprinting time and Rutt was still up the bank, Kramer again dashed into the lead. As Rutt, again surprised, dashed after the Yankee, Kramer stalled him until they reached the first turn. Here Rutt drew out and made a bid to go by. He was met by Kramer and the two battled stride for stride around the turn and down the backstretch and again around the far turn, where Rutt claimed he was fouled and where he raised his hand as a sign of protest. Kramer seemed unmindful of Rutt's actions and pedaled up the stretch with his head well down, something unusual for him. He won by open daylight, with Rutt just coasting in.

Foul or no foul, Rutt was beaten at the time the switch, if switch it was, occurred. Kramer was in the lead and well within himself, and evidence, his strong ride down the stretch, Rutt admitted that Kramer had him beaten, but he said he would have finished very close to him if the Yankee had held the pole. Rutt complained to the referee about the foul and he argued the matter afterward with Manager MacFarland. While Rutt was telling Referee Ross how Kramer fouled him, Kramer, as the winner, was making a tour of honor, bouquet in hand, around the track. The spectators gave him a mighty round of applause and the old champion just smiled and enjoyed every cheer and handclap in the multitude. When he dismounted Rutt was still at the trackside, and it was expected that he would shake his conqueror by the hand. Instead, however, Rutt went to his training quarters, followed by Kramer. This little spectacle threw a gloomy aspect on the affair and some of Kramer's stanch friends didn't like it at all.

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JOE FOGLER FIRST IN NEW HAVEN RACE

Scores 23 Points in Four-Cornered Match, Nosing Out Clark.

COLLINS LOSES TO WILEY

The four-cornered match race at the New Haven Saturday night was captured by Joe Fogler, with a total of 23 points. Jackie Clark took three of the heats, but was obliged to be contented with second place, as his total pointage was four counts shy of Fogler's. Fogler went for laps in the last heat, thereby gaining his advantage.

George Wiley won the last two heats of the five-mile match race with Elmer Collins. His motor went bad in the first trial, which was taken by Collins. The summary: Five-Mile Motor Race—First heat, won by Elmer Collins; George Wiley, second; time, 8m. 44-5s. Second heat, won by Wiley; time, 8m. 32s. Third heat, won by Wiley; time, 8m. 32s. Four-Cornered Match Race (professional)—Won by Fogler (23 points); Jackie Clark, second (22 points); Goulet, third (8 points); Goulet, fourth (2 points).

Half-Mile Open (amateur)—Won by Kaiser; time, 1m. 10s. One-Mile Handicap (amateur)—Won by Taylor; time, 1m. 10s. One-Mile Handicap (amateur)—Won by Taylor; time, 1m. 10s. One-Mile Handicap (amateur)—Won by Taylor; time, 1m. 10s.

The handicaps in the half-mile handicap race were: Kaiser, 100 yards; Taylor, 80 yards; Goulet, 60 yards; and Fogler, 40 yards. The race was a close one, with Kaiser leading until the last lap, when Fogler caught him and won by a narrow margin.

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RUTT SHOWS GRIT IN FACE OF DEFEAT

Lion-Hearted German Wins Tandem Race After Losing Match to Kramer.

HALF-MILE HANDICAP FAST

Although Walter Rutt fell before the speed of Frank Kramer in the big match race, an account of which is told by J. P. N. in another column of this paper, the lion-hearted German came back like a champion and won the five-mile tandem race with Alf Goulet, of Australia, as a partner. The victory was a popular one and the big crowd was apparently pleased to see Rutt the winner. There was a general note of sympathy throughout the stands for Rutt after his defeat by the Yankee champion and the Kramer rooters and the Clark rooters and the Goulet rooters were all up on their toes shouting for the Rutt-Goulet team to win. But the victory attained in only a small measure for the defeat earlier in the day.

The tandem race and a half-mile handicap for the professionals were the principal events on the card in addition to the match race. Fourteen teams were scheduled to start in the tandem event, but a bombardment of tires that made more noise than a revolution in Honduras put three teams out before the start was made. This caused some delay for the start, some of the unfortunate teams borrowed the good wheels from other teams in order to make their machines complete. Rutt and Goulet slipped down the bank and fell when warming up, but were uninjured.

The race was fast all the way, due to the untiring efforts of Willie Coburn and Norman Hanson, who were after the first lap riding the time was 9m. 55s. and the Coburn-Hanson team rode practically the entire distance in front. The finish of the race was most spectacular and a great battle for four laps. Four laps from the finish the team of Alf Goulet and Walter Rutt came up with a rush and it looked as though they were going right on by without any trouble. Just as Rutt's chain was over Goulet's long, peaked nose, the Teutonian and his partner made every effort to stay in front. Rutt and Goulet were stalled for the time being. After Rutt slipped down the bank for a full lap, Rutt and Goulet pulled away and took the lead. It was a pretty fight while it lasted and the rest of the teams were having considerable trouble to have on. Once in the lead, Rutt and Goulet never were again. Rutt and Goulet finished second, with Floyed Krebs and Ernest Jopkins third, Bob Spear and Frank Corry fourth, and Jay Eaton and his son, Raymond, fifth.

The handicaps in the half-mile handicap race were: Kaiser, 100 yards; Taylor, 80 yards; Goulet, 60 yards; and Fogler, 40 yards. The race was a close one, with Kaiser leading until the last lap, when Fogler caught him and won by a narrow margin. The race was a close one, with Kaiser leading until the last lap, when Fogler caught him and won by a narrow margin.

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